

The Unknown Hero

by TheOnlyDarknessLeft

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Romance, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-09-23 04:45:48

Updated: 2007-09-25 06:25:24

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:11:22

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 7,827

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What would happen if Gordon had boarded that train to Nova? What would happen if his old protege has to take his spot? Only Gregory knows for sure. M for violence, future adult scenes, and cursing.

1. Walking into danger

Okay, so I have returned from my hiatus and brought you a redone version of my story. Hopefully it will be three times better than my first. So, without much more stalling. Here is the story.

Oh and I guess Half-life and all of its characters belong to VALVe. I think I only own Greg.

--

The train barreled down the track. Its cars were sprinkled with refugees from other cities. Among them was a man with short, mussy, black hair slept with his head rested against the cracked window. His suitcase clutched tightly to his chest. Inside was a revolver he was able to smuggle out of City thirteen. His father's revolver. It was securely buried under the scraps of clothing he was allowed to bring with him on his relocation. The rickety train slowed down as it neared the station. He slowly opened one eye and shut it quickly as soon as he saw the Citadel. City seventeen. The Overwatch's main hub of activity. He sighed and looked around the semi-barren train car. One man was muttering to himself in worry. A woman was quietly weeping. And an elderly man just stared out the train window. He rubbed his eye and stood. As he did, his vision warped and out of nowhere; a man with short, greasy hair stood before him. The man looked around the car dazed. The man blinked and stared the newcomer. His stature upright and rebellious. The new man noticed the stare and turned to the man. A familiar goatee and thick, black rimmed glasses jogged the man's memory. "Gordon? Is that really you?" The silent man nodded. "My God, you look just like you did back then!" He whispered excitedly. Gordon turned away from the man. "Hey! What the hell? Are

you still mad about what happened between us? Jesus, man, I said I was sorry." Gordon scoffed. "Fine, be that way. But you'll need me now. I know the way things work around here and I think you're gonna want to stay under the radar for quite a while." Gordon opened his mouth to tell him off when the train's brakes whined as it pulled into the station. "Looks like our stop." The scientist pushed him aside and stepped onto the platform. A mechanized scanner hovered at eye level and snapped a quick picture of the man before floating away. "Looks like you're pretty popular around here. Come on." They came across a man being harassed by a Civil Protection officer.

"Move along." It barked.

"But, this is all I have left." The man pleaded as he searched for his suitcase. The officer replied by shoving him into the pile. "Okay, Okay. I'm moving."

Gordon frowned and balled his hands into fists.

The man grasped his shoulder. "There's nothing you can do. It's like this everywhere ever since...ever since the incident."

"You two!" The officer pointed to them. "What are you talking about?"

"We-"

"Down on the ground!" He ignited the stun baton and swung at Freeman. Knocking off his glasses and rendering him unconscious. The man scooped up the glasses and stuffed them into his jumpsuit's pockets. The same officer and attacked him with a flurry of punches and kicks. The man made the wise move to stop moving as soon as he hit the ground. Giving him the illusion of being knocked out. The officer stared at him then moved over to Gordon. "We have a troublemaker here, send him to Nova Prospekt."

The radio crackled. "Roger." Two officers immediately arrived and carried the unconscious man onto the train heading for Nova Prospekt. The third officer moved onto the train to inspect for any citizens who refused to debark. The man quickly got up and scurried through the security gate. His suitcase locked in a death grip.

He rushed through the station until he came to a chainlink security gate. One by one, the four people before him were escorted onto the train marked _Nova Prospekt_.

"Citizen. Into the pen." One Civil Protection officer pushed the man. "Move." With his last shove, he knocked the man into the cage. He snarled and picked up the glasses that had fallen from his pocket.

"Hurry it up!" Another officer barked. The man fumbled with the glasses and his suitcase, He put the glasses on and grabbed the suitcase. As he looked back, the cameras caught his face. The alarm went off and the gates slammed shut. His eyes darted left and right in panic. The steel door in front of him opened.

"You Citizen." A Civil Protection officer pointed. "Come with me." It ordered. He nodded and slowly followed. There was the distant drip of water and the muffled screams from the rooms down the hall. The first

room as he entered had a man being interrogated by an officer.

"This must be a mistake. I got a standard relocation coupon just like everyone else." The man spoke. The officer closed the eye slit and the muffled screams could be heard seconds later. The man clutched his suitcase and warily followed the C.P. down the hall. It reached the end and waited for him to catch up. As he neared, the C.P. knocked on the door. A second officer opened the door. It stared at the man and ordered. "Get in." He nodded and shuffled inside. It turned to the first officer. "Need any help with this one?"

"No. I'm good." The second chuckled and walked away. The first turned to the frightened man. "Back up!" It shoved him into the blood-soaked chair. Nearly knocking his suitcase out of his hands. It walked over to the computer console and began to type in a sequence, "I'm gonna need some privacy for this one." The two cameras deactivated and his fear peaked. The thought of being beaten unmercifully running rampant through his mind. "Now," It turned to him and removed the faceplate. "About that beer I owed ya." His face was written with confusion. "It's me, Gordon. Barney from Black Mesa. Sorry for the scare. I had to put on a show for the cameras." He punched in a series of buttons. Closing windows of data and opening new ones. "I can't take too long or they'll get suspicious. I'm way behind on my beating quota." He pressed one last button and a video feed of a balding, forty-five year old man in a labcoat.

"What is it Barney? I'm in the middle of a critical test." The man was clearly agitated.

The Security guard scratched the back of his neck. "Sorry Doc, but look who's here." He presented 'Doctor Freeman' to the man.

He adjusted the thick glasses. "Great Scott! Gordon Freeman!" He opened his mouth to correct when the man cut him off. "I expected more warning."

"Yeah, you and me both." He looked over at the man. "He was about to board the express train to Nova Prospect."

He averted his gaze from the screen and mouthed "oops."

"Well, Barney, What do you plan to do?" The man questioned.

"I'm thinking, I'm thinking." He tapped his chin in thought.

"Alyx is around here, somewhere. She will be able to get him here." The scientist interjected.

"Well, as long as he stays away from checkpoints, we should be fine." Barney added. "Listen, I gotta go Doc, we're taking enough chances as it is."

"Very well. And uh, Gordon?" The man looked up at the screen. "It's good to see you." The screen switched off.

"Okay Gordon, You're gonna have to make it on your own to Kleiner's Lab." A loud banging came from the steel door. "Oh man! This is what I was afraid of!" He pushed the man into the back room. "Get out of here Gordon! Before you blow my cover!" He slammed the door closed. "Get to the Plaza! Stack the boxes!"

The man stared at the green door. "My name's Gregory." He climbed the small ladder and stacked the shipping crates. As he leaned out the window, the box he knelt on gave way and he tumbled out of the window. He landed on a box full of burnt blankets.

"I...Hate...You...Barney." He stood up and walked toward the door that was ajar. He snuck into the room and made his way up the concrete stairs that lead to the train station. A Metrocop stood near a trash can. As Gregory neared, he pushed an empty can off the rim of the trash bin.

"You. Citizen. Pick up that can."

He slowly picked up the can.

"Now, Put it. In the trash." It emphasized the last sentence to show him that if he didn't, he was about to be beaten harshly. Once again, he did the smart thing and dropped the can in the trash.

"Alright. You can go." It chuckled and walked into the station. Greg mumbled and walked five feet behind the officer. He turned his attention to the line stationed before a food dispenser. There were only two people left and he was starving from the recent events. As he made his way through the maze of steel gates, there was no line. He smiled and stared at the eye recognition scanner on the machine. The red beam slid across his eyes and denied him access.

"You piece of shit!" He shouted and smacked the machine. An alarm went off from the machine and the nearby guard was upon him. A stun baton connected with his head and he blacked out. He awoke to the gentle breeze and the slowly setting sun falling to the west. He groaned and sat up, his suitcase right at his side. Greg sighed and counted himself lucky that he was even breathing still.

He grabbed his suitcase and walked down the only non-barricaded street in the plaza. He noticed a checkpoint with three C.P.s and two others in the next building across from it. He ducked into a nearby alley before they could notice him. That wasn't the case with the scanner, who had already taken his profile picture. He climbed the chainlink fence into the adjacent alley. Only to be faced with three more Metrocops in the process of 'arresting' two unfortunate citizens. He turned his attention from the officers and walked the opposite direction of the activity. He turned the corner and walked into an abandoned playground surrounded by apartments. He walked down the grounds and into an open apartment door. Without his retina pattern in the Overwatch's databanks, he was limited to only using the stairs and any open door. He reached the third floor, and the sight of four Metrocops raiding an apartment down the hall. He ducked into another nearby apartment. A drunken man peeked over his shoulder.

"Was that you knocking? I didn't realize we even had a door anymore." He took a swig from his vodka bottle. Greg walked into the next room. The man on the screen spouted more and more Overwatch propaganda. Two citizens peered out the window. The man noticed the new face in the apartment.

"Oh, I thought you were a cop." He muttered in a monotone fashion.

"Don't worry, he's one of us." The woman to the man's right spoke and peered at Gregory. He tried to put on a smile for her, but living under the Combine's heel has stripped the ability from him.

"Look at them down there." The man muttered again. Greg looked out the window, four APC patrols pulled up in front of the apartment.

"I told you they would be coming for us next." The woman moved from the window and leaned against the boarded doorframe.

"Just this once, I hope you're wrong." He looked at her. Greg sighed and cautiously walked into the hall. Three of the four officers were severely beating the inhabitants, the fourth stood guard in the doorway. As Greg passed, the officer shoved him into another open room.

"When is it all going to end?" A woman sobbed into her hands.

"There, there." He cooed and held her close. She wept quietly into his denim jacket's shoulder. Greg frowned and turned his attention to the television that was still showing the face of Administrator Breen. The voice of the Combine. He snarled and grabbed the set, ripping it from its electrical socket before hurling it out the window and onto the street below. Greg stood panting, the man beaming at him as the woman continued to weep. He regained his composure and walked out into the hallway again. As he neared the second set of stairs, a claxon rang out and a woman's voice sounded from the speakers installed into the walls.

"Attention residents, miscount detected in your sector."

Greg's eyes widened and he shot up the stairs. As he reached the last level, three patrolmen were hot on his tail.

"Psst! Hey You! In here!" A man waved Greg over, who was already in the room. "Head for the roof! There's no time to lose!" He pointed the man toward the open area. Just as he did, the three officers knocked down the door.

"Get them!" One barked and ignited his stun baton.

"Run! Run for your life!" One poor soul shouted as he was knocked to the ground and beaten half to death.

"C.P.s! C.P.s!" A woman yelled to the rest of the citizens before getting a baton slammed into her neck. Greg bolted into the next room, just one step ahead of the Metrocops. He felt sick to his stomach about what he was about to do but it was either him or them. He slammed his suitcase into a man's gut, knocking him to the ground and giving the patrolmen a distraction from the fleeing civilians.

"Here they come!" A man shouted before getting tripped by Gregory.

"I'm sorry, but it's either me or you!" He shouted over his shoulder and raced toward the roof as the last two civilians were tackled and beaten to death. He neared the rooftop access when another citizen opened the door and waved him in. "Get in here quick!" Greg jumped

through the doorway and the man slammed the door shut and held it shut with his body. "Head for the roof! I'll keep them busy!"

"Thank you." Greg patted the man's shoulder and ran for the roof. As he reached the outside area, the barks of pistol fire rung out from the other side of the door and a heavy thud came a second later. "Dammit! You will not have died in vain, Old man!" Bullets whizzed past his head as the Metrocops opened fire on him. He sprinted across the adjacent rooftops, dodging scanners as they snapped more pictures of him. He inched across narrow window sills as the Civil Protection officers attempted to end his life. He came toward an open window sill and ducked inside. There was nothing in the room but a small set of stairs. He shrugged and jumped down, an old wooden door at the foot of the stairs waited for him. He quickly opened the door and slammed it shut. Thinking he was safe from the C.P.s for now. The doors on both sides of the hallway are kicked down and the passage is flooded with officers. Greg had no time to react before a stun baton was cracked upside his head. The blinding pain knocked him out. But not before enduring some kicks from the officers. He could barely hear what was happening as he laid on the floor, faint screams and the fall of bodies. He groaned and slowly came back to his senses. His vision was blurry but he could still make up the woman's face hovering above his.

"Doctor Freeman I presume?" She smiled and helped him up. "We better hurry, the Combine are slow to wake, but once they're up; you'll have a hard time taking them down."

Greg picked up his suitcase and followed her into an open elevator. "Right."

"Doctor Kliener said you might be coming this way. I don't think it occurred to him that you might not have a map."

Greg smiled slightly and nodded.

"I'm Alyx Vance, my father worked with you at Black Mesa, but I'm sure you don't remember him."

Greg leaned against the elevator wall and nursed his head.

"Man of few words, aren't you?" She smiled and opened the grate. Gregory walked off the elevator first. Alyx followed suit. They came to a wall length poster of Administrator Breen. "Remember him from Black Mesa? Your old Administrator." She reached under an old circuit box and pressed the button hidden underneath. She laughed and turned to the man. "Don't get my dad started on him."

"I'll keep that in mind." Greg spoke as the wall before him slid open.

Alyx took the lead. "Funny you showing up on this day in particular."

"Yeah, how about that?" He muttered under his breath.

"We've been helping people escape from the city on foot. It's a dangerous route to my father's lab through the old canals. Today, we're finally on the verge of having a better way." She lead him toward twin vending machines. "Here, let me buy you a drink." She

dropped a coin into the slot and punched in 'shave and a haircut' into the buttons and knocked 'two bits' on the side. The front of the vending machine swung open, revealing a secret laboratory. Greg blinked. "And, by the way, Nice to finally meet you." She smiled at him.

As he entered through the passageway, Gregory sees a balding man staring into an old dog cage. "Blast that little...Where did she go? Lllamar? Come out of there."

"Uh-oh." She muttered under her breath. "Everything all right Doctor Kliener?"

The sudden noise caused the scientist to jump and hit his head on the ceiling of the cage. He rubbed his head and looked up at the two. "Oh, hello Alyx. Well almost all right, Lllamar has gotten out of her crate again." He shook his head quickly. "If I didn't know better, I would suspect Barney of trapping and...My goodness, Gordon Freeman, It really is you; isn't it?" Kliener finally noticed Gregory poking around the makeshift laboratory.

The man looked up. "Nope. I'm not him. I'm the guy who worked under doctor Freeman."

"What? What happened to Gordon?" The two seemed to say in unison.

"Oh," Greg leaned against the monitor desk. "He boarded the train to Nova." He jutted his thumb over his shoulder. "Poor guy, I don't envy him."

"Oh my God..." Alyx clasped her hand over her mouth.

"This is a terrible loss, for the entirety for mankind." Kliener stumbled into a nearby chair. "We are doomed now."

"You sure?" The man asked.

The two looked up at him. "What do you mean?" Kliener asked.

"Both you and I know that Gordon was the man that unleashed this hell on the Earth. But he's not the sole survivor. You, me, and Eli. We're statements to that. We don't need Freeman. He's just the right man in the wrong place." He placed his hand over his chest. "Well I think, since I was the one that got him sent to Nova, I should be the one to get him out."

"It would be too late. The Combine..." Alyx protested.

"To hell with the Combine!" Greg slammed his fist into the desk. "Look at what you've done! All of this! And one man is going to stop it all?! You're pathetic!" He spat. "I'm going to get him. Wether or not you help me, is none of my concern anymore." Before the two could reply, Barney ran through the passageway to the lab.

"Well is he here?" He asked hopefully.

The two shook their heads glumly.

"What? Where is he?"

"He's currently on his way to Nova. Mostly thanks to you. I too share part of the blame."

Barney grabbed Greg's shirt collar. "Do you know what you've done?!"

He sighed and rolled his eyes. "Yes, yes. Doomed mankind because I apparently killed their one savior. Can we move onto a more relevant matter?"

"Er, yeah...how did you?"

"MIT graduate. Remember?" Greg smiled while Barney frowned. "Now can you let me go?" Barney tossed him onto his rear and looked at Kliener and Alyx.

"What are we gonna do now?"

Doctor Kliener stood. "Well, Mister..."

"Gregory."

"Gregory, was telling us his plan to save Gordon."

"Him?" Barney jutted his thumb over his shoulder, toward the man leaning against a small warehouse door. "There's no way he can save Gordon! I know him. He hid under his desk during the incident until the entire facility was deserted. He's nothing but a coward!"

"But, now it seems like I am your only chance at saving your 'savior' as well." He sneered at the three. "If you want your 'savior' back, I suggest we stop casting blame on me and find a way to get me to Nova."

"Well," Kliener spoke. "We have just finished our resurrected teleport. But I don't think it can get you all the way to Nova Prospekt."

"Then anywhere close to it!" Gregory ordered.

"Its coordinates are set for Eli's laboratory."

"Wouldn't that be dangerous?" Greg asked.

"What do you mean?" Alyx looked at him.

"I've seen what teleports do, and it's not pretty when they malfunction during use."

"Like that cat." Barney muttered.

"Indeed." The man agreed.

But it will not happen again. We have made major strides since then. Major strides." Kliener butted in. "But we've spent too much time standing here. I believe it is time we inaugurate the new teleport with a double teleport."

"Yes, because a teleport is unstable enough with just one person

going through, let's send two in a row!" Gregory friend excitement and clasped his hands together.

"Hm, indeed." Kliener spoke positively agitated. "I believe we should suit him up. He may need the extra protection."

"Give him a desk and he's set for life." Barney muttered and opened the storage room door. The Hazardous Environment Suit stood in a glass case with a lone light illuminating it and the boxes of useless components that surrounded it.

"Nice display. Must have put a strain on your back to carry it back from Black Mesa." Greg smirked and leaned against the doorframe. Everyone ignored him. "Jackasses." He whispered under his breath.

"Okay, here we go." As he was about to open the case. A headcrab leapt from atop the case. "Awahh!" He screamed and grabbed the creature by its sides. "Dammit! Get it off me!" He struggled with it and launched it at Greg, who narrowly dodged the incoming Zen creature.

"Kill it! Kill it! It'll kill us all!" Greg screamed hysterically and tried to stomp on it.

"Llamar! There you are." The scientist smiled as his pet jumped onto the green storage cabinet near the storage door.

"I thought you got rid of that pest!" Barney spat.

"Certainly not!" He turned to Greg. "Don't worry, she's been de-beaked and completely harmless. The worst she might try and do is couple with your head. Fruitlessly, of course." He patted his head. "Here my pet. Hop up!" The headcrab jumped onto an overhead shelf with computer monitors and crates. "No, not up there!" The creature knocked over a monitor, causing it to crack and tumble to the ground with a crash. "No, No! Careful Llamar, those are quite fragile!" The creature jumped into a nearby vent. "Oh fine! It'll be another week before I can coax her out of there."

"Yeah. Longer if we're lucky." Barney crossed his arms.

"Barney...You're not an animal person?" Alyx joked.

"Ugh." Barney groaned.

"Well, You had better slip into your suit, Gregory." Kliener pointed towards the case.

Greg didn't need any further instruction. He walked into the storage room and began to strip. In what seemed like seconds, he was out of his clothes and into the HEV suit. He clenched his gloved hands and smiled. "So this is what it feels like? To have power." He whispered and walked into the laboratory. The suit's helmet tucked under his arm.

"It's good to see that the old suit can fit you like a glove. Well, at least the glove parts do in any case."

"You calling me a fatass, old man?" Greg glared at the scientist.

"Er, I have made adjustments to the suit but I will acquaint you with the essentials." He hastily attempted to change the subject from the twenty seven-year-olds question. He picked up a clipboard with instruction manual pages clipped to it. "The Mark five Hazardous Environment Suit has been redesigned for comfort and utility an-" Klaxons rang out, interrupting the scientist's instruction on the suit. "Oh dear!"

"Doc we don't have time for this." Barney shouted over the alarm.

"Thank God." Greg spoke out.

"Get that suit juiced up at least man!" Barney pointed toward an odd wall outlet across the room.

"That's right. I have modified the suit to draw power from Combine energy outlets, which are plentiful wherever they patrol."

Gregory nodded and connected the arm charge slot to the current prong sticking from the outlet.

"While he's charging, let's get this show on the road." Alyx patted Kliener on the back. While he charged, the scientist opened the wall, showing the hidden section of the lab.

"Jeez, are we in a spy movie or something?" Greg asked as he still continued to charge. As the three entered, the outlet ran out of juice. "Good. Took long enough." He slid the full face helmet over his head and activated the suit's systems.

"Vital Systems: Nominal. Suit Auxiliary Power: Nominal. Suit Charge: 40." A mechanical woman's voice spoke within the helmet. Greg walked in on the group as they began to prepare the transport. "Oh good, your suit's charged. Why don't you position yourself near that panel over there and wait for my word?"

"Sure." He leaned against the wall near the control panel and stared at the steel gray and ocean blue machine. As the machine warmed up, a monitor connected to one of the computers activated and crackled with static as the image of an elderly man appeared, staring at the group.

"Issac are you there?" He asked at last.

"Yes, yes, Eli, a bit of a hold up on this end." Kliener spoke into the microphone on his command console.

Eli didn't need to be told, the HEV suit was all he needed. "That's not who I think it is, is it?"

Greg unlocked the helmet and pulled it off. "Sorry Mr.Vance. I'm no Gordon. He, unfortunately, boarded the train heading for Nova. I'm the one who's going to get him out."

"That's terrible. Just terrible. I hope you can do it, son. The fate of the world rests on your shoulders now."

"Yeah, you what? I've heard this all before and, frankly, it's getting just a bit tired. So if we can just skip the whole 'savior of the world' shit for now, I would greatly appreciate it. No offense to you Mr. Vance. I just have a low tolerance for hearing the same thing over and over again." He slid the helmet back on and sealed it.

"Right. Ahem. It is our intention of sending him packing strait way, in the company of your lovely daughter."

"Sooner rather than later." Barney grumbled.

"Shut up." Greg snarled.

"You ready for us dad?" Alyx spoke to break the tension in the room.

"We're all set on this end." Her father answered.

"Then let's do it." She gave a thumbs up to Kliener and the platform she stood on rose to connect with the teleport's energy beam.

"The massless field flux should self-limit and I have clamped the manifold parameters to include CY Hilbert and GC orbitfold inclusive. Conditions could not be more ideal." The scientist muttered loudly.

"That's what you said last time." Barney spoke uneasily.

"Hey, uh, about that cat..." Alyx spoke uneasily.

"You're not a cat. You should be fine!" Greg shouted over the machine.

"Initializing in three...two...one..." One of the three main plugs shorted and shot out from its socket. "Oh, fiddlesticks! What now?" He stared down at the floor near the teleport.

"Uh, doctor, the plug?" She pointed at the plug near Greg's feet.

"Dear me, You're right. Gregory, if you be so kind."

"Sure, why not." He picked up the plug and shoved it back into the slot.

"You gonna let Greg throw the switch?" Alyx asked the scientist.

"Oh can I please?!" Greg mocked excitement and muttered under his breath. "MIT graduate and I get stuck with plugs and switches."

"Gregory, Go right ahead."

He opened the glass case and gripped the red handle. "Here's hoping you don't get splattered on the under end of the trip." Greg laughed.

"You're such a nice person." Alyx hissed.

Greg shrugged and smirked under his helmet. "I aim to please." He flipped the switch and stood back as the teleport activated it's final sequence.

"Good, Final sequence commencing...now." Kliener spoke as the guard bars began to spin rapidly around Alyx and enveloped her in a blue aura.

"I can't look." Barner shielded his eyes with his hand.

"I can." Greg smirked again.

Blue arcs of energy slammed into her body. "Ah, ok, oh ah oooh it's hoot!" There was a flash of blue, then pitch black darkness.

"Did it work?" Kliener asked in the darkness before the generators kicked in again.

Eli smiled. "See for yourself."

"Hey Doc!" Alyx popped into view and planted a kiss on her father's cheek.

"See? Told you that you'd be fine." Greg crossed his arms.

"Thank goodness, my relief is almost palpable." Kliener smiled.

"Fantastic work Izzy." Eli congratulated his colleague.

"Well, I cannot take all the credit. Mr. Soloman proved an able assistant."

"Let's go ahead and send him over here." Eli smiled.

Greg held up one finger to the monitor as he rifled through his suitcase. "What are you doing man? This is no time to be checking your clothes." Gregory ignored Kliener and pulled out a beautifully engraved magnum.

"Since I won't need to be hiding it anymore." He ran a gloved hand down the finely carved barrel.

"How the hell did you get that into City seventeen?" Barney asked blown away.

Greg wagged his finger. "Ah, ah, ah. That's a secret I cannot divulge." He attached it to his side. "But I can say it's fully loaded." He looked up at Kliener. "Okay, now I am ready to depart." He tossed the luggage aside.

"Right then. Speak to you in a few moments." Kliener switched off the monitor and began the startup process once more.

"Hey," Barney walked up to Greg. "Just wanted to say, good job. Throwing that switch and all, I can see your MIT education really paid off." Barney sneered.

"Bite me, security boy." Greg slammed his shoulder against Barney's

and stepped onto the platform. As he did, the guardrails sealed in front of him and the platform rose as it did before.

"Excellent, initializing, in three...two...one..., Barney. If you would be so kind."

"Don't wanna, but might as well." He looked up and grasped the switch. "Try not to get killed out there before you save Gordon." He flipped the switch, Greg flipped him the bird.

"Indeed. We are ready to project you, Gregory, best of luck in your future endeavors, and bon voyage. Final sequence." An alarm sounded and the beam emitter rocked loose from its support bar, due to Lllamar jumping out of the vent and adding her unneeded weight to the emitter.

"What is it?" Klier looked at the emitter.

"It's your pet, the freaking head humper!" Barney shouted.

She noticed Greg and leapt at him.

"Oh, hell no!" He guarded and caught her. The emitter zapped the cage with the final pulse and sent the two onto a beach. Greg tossed Lllamar away to chase the seagulls. In a split second, he was thrown back into the lab.

"There he is!" Barney shouted.

"Is Lllamar with him?" Kliener asked worried.

"Forget about that damn thing!"

Greg tried to move, but was flung into Eli's Laboratory.

"He's coming through dad!" Alyx smiled at him.

"What's going on Judith?" Eli looked at the woman in the white sweater.

"I'm not sure. It seems to be some kind of interference." She continued to type in code into the console.

"Greg, stay put. We'll get you out of there."

Judith looked at the teleport. "Something's drawing him away."

Greg tried to focus on staying put, but the pull was too strong and he was teleported into the Breen's office.

"What's the meaning of this? Who are you? How did you get in here?" Greg snarled and tried to attack the man, only to be pulled away and sent back to Kliener's lab.

"He's back! I'm gonna get him out of there!" Barney shouted.

"You can't just wade into the field! It will peel you apart!"

"I'm not losing another one dammit!"

"What's going on over there? We lost Gregory." Alyx asked over the monitor.

"I wish I knew. I'm experiencing unexpected interference." Kliener typed away furiously on the console.

"Just, focus on staying in one piece!" Barney shouted before Gregory was pulled away again. He landed in Eli's teleport again.

"There he is!" Alyx proclaimed.

"We're losing him again." Judith spoke before Greg was dragged into Breen's office. He was talking to some kind of giant, mask wearing, slug creature on the monitor.

"I'm all but certain it was..." He noticed Gregory had returned and turned to meet him. "Gordon Freeman." Gregory is drawn away and hurled into a body of water. He struggled and activated the flashlight. The water was black and abysmal, but there were signs of life that quickly made themselves known. A gigantic Bullsquid rushed him. He panicked and crossed his arms to vainly attempt to protect himself. Before the monster could snap its jaws around his frame, he was sucked away and hurled onto a hard, concrete floor with enough velocity to kill an unprotected man. The gentle lapping of the water against the concrete was the first sound he could hear clearly. The rest was washed out by the ringing in his ears and the splitting headache.

Thanks for reading and please review. Hate mail will be deleted.

2. A race down the canals

Okay, Chapter number Two. Hope you all enjoy it.

Half-life and its characters Belong to VALVe. I guess I only own Gregory.

--

"Mr. Soloman?" A woman's voice floated into his ears. "Mr. Soloman, are you alright?"

"Minor Fractures Detected. Minor Lacerations Detected. Minor Head Trauma Detected. Medical Assistance Required." The suit spoke from the helmet's external speakers.

"Just hang on, I'll get a medkit." The woman raced over to the nearby desk and swiped the medkit. She unlocked the helmet and got to work. She cleaned his cuts around his head and bandaged them. With the lacerations taken care of, she injected him in the neck with the green liquid that came with the kit. Slowly, the fractures healed and the cuts closed. He groaned and opened his eyes.

"What the hell happened?" He whispered.

"Well, You fell from the sky and slammed into the ground for starters." She spoke and tossed the spent kit away.

"Yeah, sounds like me." He got up and looked around. "Where am I?"

She smiled. "You're at the dock in station 6. Alyx put an bulletin saying to help you out in anyway possible if you happen to show up."

Greg grabbed his helmet. "Good to hear that somebody is out to help me."

"There's plenty of people after you too. The Combine somehow found the underground railroad and are tearing it apart as we speak. It's not safe to sit and chat any longer than we need to. They're-" A loud crash sounded from inside the station. "Oh no! They've found us too! Hurry, get in the airboat and head down the canals, toward station 7. They can help you more there."

"What's-" More loud crashes came from inside and gunfire could be heard from all over the station.

"There's no time, just go!" She picked up an SMG and tossed Greg a socket wrench. "To make repairs on the boat."

Greg nodded and put the helmet on. "Thank you." He hopped in the driver's seat and activated the engine. She opened the gate blocking his exit.

"One last thing." She shouted to him. "The water around here his highly radioactive, try not to touch it."

He gave her a thumbs up and sped into the water. She watched him fade into the distance and turned to the station. "No point waiting any longer." She ran in, gun ablaze. Killing four headcrabs in the process. The gunfire stopped shortly after.

--

The drive toward station 7 was filled with death defying jumps and one insane Hunter Chopper attempting to make Greg it's target practice. He temporarily lost the helicopter and came towards the red barn. "Not being subtle, are they?" He pulled up to the concrete dock and debarked from the airboat. As the engine died, he heard a familiar crash like back at station 6. Screams erupted from the barn and gunfire exploded from inside. Greg grabbed his wrench and climbed the ladder up to the interior of the barn. Three rebels were already turned into Zombies and killing the last two survivors. Greg bashed two zombies to death while they disemboweled a poor woman. She wept and begged for him to kill her. He nodded and placed a magnum round into her head. He worked on the last zombie, that had already killed the man trying to all for help. He dodged the swipes and slammed the wrench into the headcrab head. He could barely make out the screams it let out every second of its short existence. "Help me!" "Oh God help!" It howled. He bashed it to death and took off the helmet in time to vomit.

"Oh God." He hurled again. "What have we done?" He panted and tried to gain his composure again. He grabbed a discarded SMG and picked up the scattered clips strewn about the bloody floor. He panted and wiped the excess bile from his mouth. "At least they can rest in some kind of peace." He slid the helmet back on and sealed it. There was

nothing left for him to do here except for one, last, task. He poured one tank of gasoline about the barn and set the second one on fire. He jumped into the filthy river water just in time to avoid the blast. He looked up to see the barn go up in flames. He dragged himself into the airboat and started the engine. "I'm going to make this right. I swear it. They will not have died in vain."

As he made his way down river, he met up with his old friends, the Hunter Chopper and the Combine forces. The APCs that brought them fired their rockets at the airboat. "First machine guns and now missiles?! Who did I piss off in a past life?!" He dodged the missiles and the helicopter's machine gun long enough to lose them by ducking into a large tunnel that was just big enough to fit the airboat. As he came through the tunnel, a handmade floodgate rose from the water.

"Hey there! You're Soloman, aren't you?" A woman shouted to him.

He nodded.

A male rebel came from inside the outpost building. "Well I'll be damned. Never thought you'd be paying us a visit Dr. Soloman."

"Oh, you know, just wanted to pop in, have a scone or two before I pop out and get shot to death by the Chopper chasing me." Greg joked.

"Come on up Dr. Soloman, I've gotta show you what you're up against." He waved the driver up.

"Greetings to the Soloman." The vortigaunt bowed and hefted a machine gun.

"We were just about to pull out when you showed up. We gotta move before the Combine picks us up."

"Then let's not dally." Greg spoke and entered the little building.

"Right." The rebel pointed to the outpost. "You're here," He outlined the winding route with his finger. "and the hideout his here."

"Fun."

"And with the Chopper on your ass, it's gonna be impossible to do."

"Always love good news."

"You should. The Vortigaunt is currently working his magic on your boat. In fact, he should be just about done. Let's go out and see his handy work."

Greg and the rebel walked out and saw the alien welding the machine gun to the boat. "Oh, that's, that is just what the doctor ordered." He smiled under his helmet.

"Yup, You may have noticed that this machine gun is the same kind that was being used on you. I like to bring a little irony to

firefight." He smiled and crossed his arms.

"The Soloman will do well to accept this weapon, or suffer greatly on the road ahead."

Greg glared that the bipedal alien the got in the airboat. "Thanks everyone. I really appreciate what you've done. Here's hoping you guys don't get killed." He waved to them.

"We'll try our best." The man waved back and opened the second floodgate.

"Give them hell, sir." The woman saluted him.

"For freedom!" The vortiguant exclaimed as the airboat sped off into the distance.

--

Greg raced down the canals, firing on the helicopter whenever it was foolish enough to fire on him. The foot soldiers continued to attempt to make his ride hell. Only to be crushed under his boat as he sped by. The helicopter decided to change it's plans of attack as Gregory neared the dam. It began to drop mines in the path of the boat. "What the fu-" The giant black ball exploded, hurling him and the boat through the air. Greg quickly corrected the boat just before it slammed into the water. He fired at the helicopter. "How do you like it, huh?! Does it taste good?!" He laughed and fired at the machine, detonating one of its mines prematurely as it rolled from the drop bay. Heavily damaging the machine. He came to an open area where the dam stood. The Hunter Chopper right on his tail.

It opened fire on him, attempting to destroy his engine. He gassed the hovercraft out of its line of fire and returned the favor. Riddling the helicopter's hull with bullets. Small fires erupted from engines. "Revenge! Reveeenge!" He shouted and took out the propeller blades on the underside of the machine. Alarms sounded and the fires burned harder. The helicopter poured an impossible amount of mines onto the field. Greg focused on the row of mines heading for him. He fired on them and kept himself safe for now. The chopper flew erratically and loosed its entire arsenal on the hovercraft. Greg fired on the cockpit, annihilating the pilot and sending the chopper down to earth at last. Greg stood up in his seat and cheered. "Yeah! Revenge! Not so big now, huh?!" He screamed at the remains. He slumped in the driver's seat and caught his breath.

He noticed that the dam gates were closed, "We'll have to fix that." He muttered and looked for a way to get to the controls. The flood gate near the warehouse seemed like a good place as any to start. He drove the airboat over and jumped off. The rickety ladder looked like it wouldn't last more than two seconds with Greg's weight on it. He carefully climbed up to the platform with the floodgate's control valve and cranked it open. With the gate securely open, Gregory hopped into the waters and boarded the boat. He drove it over to the warehouse and up the fallen dock, where the combine were happy enough to greet him with guns ablaze. He mowed them down with the boat's gun and stepped out of the boat, SMG at the ready. He opened the blue door and was, once again, greeted with gunfire. He laid waste to the Combine as he made his way through the warehouse. With the building clear and new weapons to help him on his journey; he moved to the

outside and found a bridge sturdy enough to support him and his hovercraft.

He walked back to his airboat and drove it across the bridge. The blow away the large debris with the gun and continued forward. He came to a lever that looked to control the two ladders on either side of the dam. He stepped out and pulled the lever down, releasing the ladders. He slid down the ladder and onto the dam. He rushed to the controls and opened the only gate still functioning. He noted a ramp made from rocks and two large, dead, tree branches. He jumped back into the boat and drove back into the drained river area. "Gotta time this right." He muttered and gunned the engine. He launched off the ramp and nearly cleared the opening, however, the rear buoy slammed onto the concrete edge and sent the airboat into a front flip. Before he could correct the boat's direction, it landed safely on the opposite side. "That was extremely lucky." He shook his head and pressed forward. The rest of the drive was business as usual. Fighting for his life against the combine as he raced for Eli's lab.

Thanks for reading, Please review. Hate mail will be ignored and deleted.

End
file.